

Health Hints :- Fashions :- Woman's Work :- Household Topics

Love's Dearest Enemy--"Time"

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By Nell Brinkley



TIME is Love's one great grief. He—tender Love—is a gentle fellow, a kind, a cheery, a forgiving rogue. Even his people's offenses against himself he forgives after the first big, round tears. Jealousy of the absent eyes he despises and forgives. Neglect he struggles against and

forgets. Coldness he takes and hides in his bosom to warm it, if he can, smiling the while. He counts the world his kingdom and all peoples his vassals. And he has but one enemy on whom he wastes good hours and a fine brain and heart on hating. That is Time! Before the hour-glass with its slowly falling-away sands he crouches and glowers, the hot tears in his

wrathful eyes and his two fists clinched on his small chest. He hates and stares. He sits lost in an orgie of loathing. His small person is shaken by giant passion. His dearest enemy is Time, who robs him, who sits away the life of the golden-and-black bee and the crumpled butterfly, and leaves one of his lovers in the world alone, lonely!

DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

WEDDING AND GRADUATION PRESENTS ON CREDIT

June, the month of weddings and graduations, will soon be here. If you have been thinking of buying a Diamond, Watch, Wrist Watch or other Jewelry, for personal wear or for a wedding, birthday or anniversary gift, this is your opportunity to save money.

\$13.55 Wrist Watch. Pendant, or Regular Watch.

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Opp. Burgess-Nash Department Store

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Reform for Your Own Sake.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and deeply in love. I am earning a comfortable salary and could have a good future, but it all depends if I win her, as I love her very much.

AMBITION

Don't be such a weakling as to declare that your "going straight" depends on whether or not you win this girl. If your own self-respect does not make you desire to work up to a place in the world your love for her would not do it. You are only a boy, not old enough to marry, but quite old enough to lay a foundation for a worthy manhood. Prove yourself to be honestly ambitious and truly fired with a desire for fine manhood and you will be worthy of any girl's love and respect.

When a Man Stops Calling.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20 and admire a gentleman fifteen years my senior. After being exceedingly attentive to me for the few weeks I knew him he ceased calling. Please advise me what to do.

BEATRICE F.

When a man suddenly stops calling on a girl it is likely to be for one of these reasons: Either because she has ceased to interest him—in which case the dignified thing to do is nothing; or because some little circumstance has arisen to cause misunderstanding. If you are not a victim of foolish pride, give yourself and the situation the benefit of the doubt, and write a little note, telling your friend that you miss him and hope it is some misunderstanding which can be cleared up, rather than illness which is keeping him away.

Grace Darling's Talks to Girls

By GRACE DARLING.

The third great lesson the stage teaches is the value of a background.

You know that moving picture producers spend thousands upon thousands of dollars to take companies of actors to some particular place where they may have a tropical scene, or the mountain trail, or the crowded city street, to give the proper background to some drama they are filming.

The background puts in the punch—gets the atmosphere of the story over to the audience. When you want to make people cry over a starving family you must give them a background of a bare attic, with a pallet on the floor, and the snow drifting in through the roof. You could never touch anyone with the story of their woes if you depicted them sitting up surrounded by empire furniture and a grand piano.

Three-fourths of the success or every play depends upon the skill with which its background is wrought out, and the background is just as important in real life as it is on the stage, because the things that make the deepest impression upon us are the things that we visualize.

This is particularly true as regards the attitude of men towards women.

Very few men ever take the trouble to study a woman or try to understand her. They just take her as they see her and rate her as good or bad, attractive or unattractive, according to the picture she makes to them. And this depends largely upon her background.

It is because their backgrounds mean so much to them that I always advise girls to stay at home if they possibly can. The background of home gives a girl a respectability in the eyes of men that nothing else can.

Of course, many girls have very disagreeable homes. They have tyrannical and nagging fathers and mothers and hateful brothers and sisters, and the idea of getting away from it all and setting up a little flat of their own with a congenial girl chum is very alluring.

But just as the background of a home gives a girl a certain background of respectability, so the background of a girl bachelor flat throws about her an atmosphere of free and easy Bohemianism that will make everyone look at her a trifle more critically and cause men to treat her with less deference.

It is a pity that mothers do not better understand the value of the right sort of background in a girl. If they did, they would take more trouble to give their daughters a pleasant place in which to receive their company. When a man visualizes a girl as part of a noisy, wrangling family group, in an untidy cluttered up room, there is nothing in the picture to make him want to marry her.

But many a youth has been lured into matrimony by the vision he had in his mind's eye of a maiden who was the central figure of a happy, cheerful, comfortable home.

Girls, the domestic background has got the artists and the literary and the dramatic and all of the other backgrounds discounted a million times when it comes to matrimony.

That's why widows who are fat and old can marry all around the prettiest young girls. They always lean up against a background of comfortable chairs and pink shaded lamps and chafing dishes and are surrounded by an atmosphere of comfort and good cooking and men, even when they are young, are very much taken by a girl's good home background.

And, of course, a girl's good home depends upon a background. That's so plain that even a chicken, to say nothing of a goose, could see it. You may be as good as the town pump and as modest as a violet and as pure as snow, but if you are seen drinking highballs and smoking cigars and fox trotting around promiscuously nobody is going to believe it.

Do You Know That

Among the curiosities of the Desert of the Sahara is a queer scrubby plant, always yellow with fine sand, called the "coughing bean."

In the long dry tropical heats this weird plant's pores become choked with dust, and it would die of suffocation were it not for a powerful gas which accumulates inside it, and, when it gains sufficient pressure, explodes with a sound like a human cough.

In olden times ivy bushes used to be hung over the doors of taverns as signboards, because the plant was sacred to Bacchus, the god of wine.

Every Bulgar has a stake in the country. Even if he is only a peasant he owns a small farm; a landlord is to him an unknown being.

The third finger on the left hand, on which the engagement and wedding rings are worn, is anatomically the weakest of the ten.

The ants of South America are wonderfully industrious. They have been known to construct a tunnel three miles long.

Workmen in Japan wear on their caps an inscription stating their business and their employer's name.

Lace was known in Venice at an early period, and was not unknown to the Greeks and the Romans.

It has been proved that a brick house, well constructed, will withstand one built of granite.

There is no doubt that the modern real estate agent could have reclaimed the Garden of Eden on the town lot plan.

Why I Never Married

The Woman Who Never Had a Chance to Wed

Why do so many women who are attractive, intelligent, full of human affection and tenderness—the sort of women who were designed by nature to make ideal wives and mothers—never marry?

Is it because they were bent on celibacy? Or is it because men were too stupid to love a good thing when they saw it, and so passed them over? Or is it the fault of social conditions that never gave them their matrimonial chance?

It is one of life's puzzles and in an attempt to solve it Dorothy Dix has asked a number of charming old maids why they never married.

By DOROTHY DIX.

"I am an old maid," said the eighth woman, "because I never had an opportunity to marry. Cupid never knocked at my door. He never even came down my street."

"It is often said that every woman could marry if she were willing to take the kind of a man she could get. This is not true. If women would only tell the truth, plenty of them would have to admit that they are even as I am, and that no man, good, bad or indifferent, ever made love to them or popped the question to them."

"And this does not mean that we are homelier, less charming and less attractive than our sisters. It is simply the result of the force of circumstances and local conditions."

"For one reason or another we were isolated from masculine society. We were cut off from any chance of catching a husband. We lacked opportunity. Of what avail to have the best bait and the spirit of an angler if you have to fish in waters in which there are no fish?"

"In many parts of the country women far outnumber the men. In New England, for instance, there are 1,000,000 more females than males. You don't have to be a statistician to figure out why there is always a bumper crop of old maids in that region. Yet there are no more charming women in the world than New England women, and they make ideal wives, because they are so eternally grateful to the men who rescue them from the impending doom of spinsterhood, that overlooking them that they go through life making little tin gods of their husbands."

"Now I have lived most of my life in a little New England village that was an Adamless Eden. It was a charming place, full of culture and money and everything desirable except men."

"There positively wasn't a single unmarried male in the whole town over 18 or under 80—nothing but callow school boys or grandpas."

"There was no opportunity for business or a profession in the village and the result was that every young man who had any intelligence or energy, or ambition went away to seek his fortune just as soon as he was out of college. And he never came back until he brought with him a stylish city wife or a breezy western helpmate with three sturdy children."

"There was no chance for a girl in that village to marry, because there was no man for her to marry. The only girls who married were the ones who were poor enough to have to make their own livings, and who followed the men out into the world to seek their fortunes. The young ladies with rich fathers, such as I, were cut off even from this opportunity."

"Yet our mothers did nothing to help us. They never took us about to the haunts of men. They seemed to think that some sort of a miracle would be performed in our behalf, and that the Lord would raise up eligible husbands from nowhere for our benefit, as He fed the hungry multitude with five loaves and two fishes."

"But no miracle was forthcoming, and we remained old maids, for heaven only helps her who helps herself when it comes to the matter of marrying."

"Now I blame my parents for my spinsterhood. I think it was just as much their business to use some intelligence and thought and money in helping me to settle myself in the career that I preferred—which was the domestic career—as it was their business to use their intelligence and thought and money in settling my brother in the career he preferred—which was medicine."

"There were no men where we lived and no possible chance of my making a suitable marriage. While I was young and pretty and attractive my mother should have taken me to places where there were plenty of men, and given me a chance at least to love and be loved. She should have put me in an attitude to receive the blessing as old-fashioned Methodists used to say."

"My mother would have thought this cold-blooded scheming to marry her daughter off, and it would have seemed most indecent to her. Such a view of the subject is rank nonsense."

"Every normal girl wants to love and be loved. She wants to marry and have a home and children. That's nature. That's life. And why she should be an spinster about facing so obvious a fact is something I have never been able to fathom."

"Neither have I ever been able to understand why mothers should meet this problem with so little intelligence, or why they should fail to perceive that it is their highest duty not only to help their daughters marry, but to help them marry the right sort of husband."

"It is an old maid purely and simply because of lack of opportunity. And my advice to all girls similarly situated is to get up and go to a place where the fishing is good. That is, if they want to make a catch."

The Reason for a Telephone Company's Depreciation Reserve

Patch up a suit of clothes how you will, it will gradually wear out and have to be replaced by a new one.

Just so it is with the telephone property. Some parts of it wear out quicker than others, but repair it again and again as we do, finally it wears out.

In addition to the wearing out of the property a good many of the parts are year by year becoming obsolete and out-of-date and are replaced by something better.

Each year we set aside out of the money we take in from the sale of telephone service an amount which we estimate represents the wearing out of our telephone property during that period.

This money is invested back in the plant, and thus temporarily employed as additional capital on which no dividends or interest charges are paid.

Through our policy of setting aside a depreciation reserve to provide for the rebuilding or replacement of the property, present telephone users pay for the wearing out of the plant instead of passing the debt on to the next generation.

Lack of recognition of this principle has caused many failures in private industries and is a frequent mistake in the public institutions.

Our policy of setting aside a depreciation reserve is now generally accepted as the fairest way to provide for the rebuilding or replacement of the equipment when it wears out.

TODAY'S DAINTIEST DISH

COOKERY IS BECOME A NOBLE SCIENCE

Salmon Steak with Cucumber Garnish.

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

ALL fish should be used as soon as possible after it is caught. In fresh fish the eyes should always be bright and prominent, the body stiff and the gills a bright red color. Soak the fish and cut some slices about one and a half inches thick, and wipe them perfectly dry. Allow four tablespoonsful of butter and the strained juice of one lemon to each pound of fish. Rub the bottom of the steppan well with butter and lay in the fish, straining the lemon juice over it, and seasoning it with salt and pepper. Lay a buttered paper over the fish, and then put the cover on the pan and let it cook, allowing twenty minutes for each pound of

fish. When the fish is cooked dish it on a hot dish, garnish with potato balls and little heaps of cucumber garnish around it, strain the gravy from the pan through a hair sieve, mix with 1/4 a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley and pour this over the fish.

Cucumber Garnish—Peel and cut the cucumber into slices. Lay them in cold water with a pinch of salt and bring it to boil; then skim and let the cucumber cook until tender; then strain it from the water, stir into it a piece of butter and a few drops of strained lemon juice, sprinkle with a little chopped parsley and use.

(To-morrow—Fruit Salad.)